

(With You) I am Home

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Summary: Faced with two of the most important people in his life, Killian Jones must decide just which path will lead him home. - My take on 5x15 if things had gone down a little differently...

(With You) I am Home

Angst ahead people. You've been warned.

\* \* \*

><p>He watches her.<p>

Head held high, shoulders tall, stiff. No tears on her cheeks, but her eyes are red and over-filled with a sadness she refuses to allow to trespass.

No begging. No crying.

Just acceptance.

He can feel the sunlight at his back, the warm embrace of what awaits him, but his eyes are focused on hers. On the slight tremor of her lips as she holds it all in, on her slender throat as she swallows down her devastation. And he knows it is killing her, is pulling her soul apart and ruining her very being, cause it is doing the same to him.

"It's beautiful..."

The soft exclaim draws his eyes back and Killian watches as Liam's face lights up as he gazes into the beyond, watches as his brother seems finally at peace.

"Come, Brother," Liam begs, his face glowing, hand reaching down toward him.

Swallowing, Killian spies the tall sails of The Jewel, the white sheets billowing proudly in the wind. The landscape beyond them pulls at him, draws him nearer and he can feel his feet turning, one landing on the next step as he slowly reaches for Liam's hand.

"Lets go home."

Home. The Jewel. The Royal Navy and The Jewel of The Realm and his brother, Captain Liam Jones, to his Lieutenant Killian Jones. That was his home. But it was also The Jolly Roger. And he had once given all of that up.

She is still standing there when he looks over his shoulder. So beautiful and brave and strong and broken all at once.

"Killian..."

He opens his mouth, not sure what he was intending to say to Liam's questioning, not when he hears Emma's gasp, watches as she notices his hesitation. She doesn't speak, doesn't move, but her eyes are trained on him, their gazes locked as everything around them shifts and falls into place.

As everything finally feels right.

"Liam," Killian finally addresses, turning back toward his brother. He can feel the tears gathering but soldiers ahead, taking in a deep breath. "I-...I can't." He sees Liam's eyes quickly shift back toward Emma before Killian adds, his voice growing deep, "I'm not finished."

It takes some time, a minute or two, before Liam lets out a shaky breath, his smile sad but determined. "Aye, I thought that might be the case, Little Brother."

"Younger Brother," Killian corrects automatically, his tears finally breaking free. Liam laughs gruffly, his arms enclosing around Killian, holding him tightly as Killian clings back, stuttering his apologies.

"Don't be sorry," Liam tells him. "Be happy."

It isn't until Liam has ascended the last of the stairs, his form fading away into the glowing picture-perfect scene above, that Killian finally turns away, his cheeks wet but his lips lifting into a small smile.

She's still there. Her breathing is erratic, her hands clenching around her necklace, his ring, her chin trembling as he takes a step back down the stairs. She answers his movement, her foot slowly lifting as her eyes never stray from his face. Another step down, another advance from her, eyes holding until he is stumbling blindly downward while she races toward him, arms and hands reaching as they collide at the bottom step.

"Killian," Emma cries, her face quickly stained with tears as she

clings to his shoulders, her face inches from his, their breaths mingling as they both face losing battles with their emotions.  
"Wh-why? You could've went home..."

"Swan...\_Emma\_," Killian soothes, placing his forehead against hers as he closes his eyes, drinking in her warmth and closeness, letting it fill his entire soul. "I am home."

End  
file.